











## The Stars and Stripes

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Two years ago this coming Sunday, the Congress of the United States resolved "that the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States."

That pledge has been kept. The conflict has been brought "to a successful termination." The anniversary of our entrance into the war sees our manhood vindicated, our honor unimpaired—sees America loved, admired and respected as never before in the history of the world.

That anniversary will be, and ought to be, a day of thanksgiving for all Americans, but particularly for us who have been privileged to aid by tangible effort the accomplishment of the great mission. It also will, and ought to, be a day of reflection, a day of rededication of ourselves to the following of the principles which the President, as our spokesman, outlined when we threw in our weight on the side of the free nations.

And in that rededication of ourselves, in the process of looking backward over these two most glorious years of our country's history, let us not forget that "the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

In peace as in war, the great fight for right and justice—America's fight—must be ours, personally ours, to the very last day of our lives.

### LIARS

On another page of this issue will be found a series of extracts from back-home papers recounting deeds of valor that have never been fittingly recorded before, for which no decoration has ever been awarded or even authorized. If such a decoration ever were authorized, it might be permissible to suggest the bottom of a corned Willie can suitably engraved and suspended from the neck by a string of cognac bottle corks. The suitable inscription should read, "Where do you get that stuff?" That isn't very strong, but, after all, there is a limit to what you can say on a medal.

The one comforting fact that can be drawn from all these yarns of returned soldiers who go seeking the bubble reputation in the limotype's mouth is that they come from no one group in the Army. You may think it is a behind-the-lines failing exclusively, and then you bump into a tall one concocted by a soldier who really was up in it. You may think it is a Marine failing—until you find an Infantryman telling a worse one.

It all depends on the man. His outfit has nothing to do with it. And it is unfair to blame the outfit for the sins of one of its members. But it is fair to the rest of the A.E.F. to expose the line of bunk which some of its former members are getting away with. It is easy to get away with it, but it is also tolerably easy to expose it.

### ON BEING AN M.P.

There have to be M.P.'s, just as there have to be briggs, and arm jabs, and Saturday or Sunday inspections, and closing hours for cafés, and other military unpleasantness. But you cannot hate a brig to the full satisfaction of your being because it is only a place, or an arm jab because it is only an act, performed more often than not by a doctor whom you will never set eyes on again.

But an M.P. is different. An M.P. is a person—more than that, he is a brother in arms. He wears red trimmings and a black brassard and sports side arms, but beneath this redoubtable show is the twin of the 38 undershirt which descends to your own knees, the same model 42 drawers which protect your own chest from the raw winds of spring.

There are, of course, some M.P.'s who are rather too conscious of their authority, who really delight to trail the bait in a saluting trap and snake in the suckers. And on the other hand, there are M.P.'s who dislike to hold a man up for a pass just as much as the man held up dislikes the act and the M.P. along with it.

An M.P. is human. That's what makes his job so hard.

### 100 PER CENT

It's hard to be perfect in these times. The halcyon days are gone when, by one good deed, a citizen could become canonized, the action automatically bringing the issue of a halo and wiping out all the black marks on the slate.

Nowadays the normal man has a sneaking sympathy with that much-abused Athenian who blackballed Aristides merely because he was tired of hearing him called "The Just." And the A.E.F., being a nor-

mal sort of Army, is human enough to grumble a good deal at institutions and persons, even though in them the good far outweighs the evil.

But there is one class against whom even the most confirmed grumblers are silent. We have all seen much of girl canteen workers—Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Salvation Army and perhaps others—so it cannot be due to ignorance that no word of criticism has risen. We know that they gladly left home to do anything they were given to do; that their hours are long; that their task is hard; that for them there is small hope of medals and citations and glittering home-coming parades; that they meet too often the rough thoughtlessness of the soldier, intent only on filling his own stomach.

Knowing these things, it is with all the greater esteem that we accord them a record of 100 per cent for their unceasing kindness and service.

We thank you, sisters.

### PETTY LARCENY

A bit of fooling having been submitted to this newspaper as the work of Bernard J. Richard, Company C, 21st Machine Gun Battalion, was printed on this page three weeks ago under the heading, "M.D.R." Immediately there poured in information to the effect that it was originally printed in "Life" and written by Neal O'Hara, a Boston newspaper man now in the Navy.

The theft of which said Bernard J. Richard thus stands accused is a form of weak-mindedness, rather than criminality—a curious form from which many members of the A.E.F. seem to be suffering during these trying days. For instance, THE STARS AND STRIPES has, within the last month, received, one at a time, between 50 and 60 copies of a poem beginning

Silver threads among the black—  
Darling, I am coming back.  
Now that Europe's peace appears  
I'll be home in seven years.

The copies never vary except in one striking particular—that of the signature. Each time it comes in, it appears to be the work of a different man.

### REPEATERS

Casualty reports are being read the world over and from their reading come comparisons of losses suffered by the Allied armies and others. Vital statistics are being compiled for the information of these readers.

Each reader draws his own deduction, and with this as a working basis proceeds to make it serve the purpose he likes best. It so happens that the chief classification used in the preparation of vital statistics, particularly by the military, is the well known and often misleading term "casualty" or its plural. Webster, whose word analysis and definitions have been universally adopted, gives only a vague interpretation of this word. He says of it "in pl. Mil. & Nav.—losses caused by death, wounds, discharge, capture, or desertion."

For the information of those readers who search "Casualty Reports" for specific and accurate figures, let it be known that one soldier may be a "casualty" whether dead, alive, wounded, discharged, captured, deserted, AWOL, or missing. And let it be further known that the same man is undoubtedly tabulated under more than one status, the result being that he would total two, three, four or more in the final reckoning.

### THIS IS THE LIFE

Thomas Carlyle, who wrote largely of illustrious and supposedly illustrious Germans, and who also (which is more important so far as the A.E.F. is concerned) wrote a history of the French Revolution, was once stopping at a house in the country where his slumbers were systematically disturbed by the raucous reveille sounded in the wee sma' hours by an adjacent rooster.

He complained to his hostess, who expressed sorrow that the crowing troubled her guest.

"Madam," replied Carlyle. "It isn't the crowing, it's the damned waiting for it."

Which might be modernized into the following unanswerable conundrum:

Why is a transport whistle like a rooster's crow?

### IN PRIVATE LIFE

The (so called facetiously) battles of Paris, and Tours, and St. Aignan, and so forth ad lib, ad lib, may be, or may have been, notable engagements in their time. But, good heavens! think of the future.

Think of the coming battles of the club, of the dining room, of the—er—ice cream parlors. Verily, it is a disturbing prospect. Think of all the generals there will be to lead these battles, and the colonels and the majors and—but we shall go no further. Already it is beginning.

Maybe it is just habit acquired by compliance with army paperwork rules, but there may be another reason for this signature appended to a recent communication from Ridgefield, N.J.:

D. V. LOWE,

1st Lieut. U. S. A., Discharged.

### THEY HELPED

It is but just and right that we, as custodians of the A.E.F.'s paper, say now and here that we could not have sold THE STARS AND STRIPES for many times the 50 centimes asked for it; that we could not have got it out to the Army at all; that we could not have incorporated in it the advertisements from back home which made it, in fact and appearance, a real newspaper, without the aid of certain civilians, ununiformed and unsworn, in the State, City and County of New York.

We refer to the Erickson Company, the director and employees of which not only secured the American advertising for us, but distributed THE STARS AND STRIPES to agents and advertisers in the States, attended to the billing, kept the books, sent out promotion matter, and, in short, ran the American end of this paper's business all along—and without a cent of financial reward. Their reward was that by so doing they were able to serve and make happy the A.E.F., and themselves happy in consequence.

It was all the reward they asked.

## The Army's Poets

### BON CAMARADE

We both were tramping the same way  
And both were glad of the golden weather.  
He spoke no English; I could say  
Ten words of French. We walked together.

We both were proud that we fought for France,  
And called each other "Camarade."  
He left at length with a gay "Bon chance,"  
And all the cigarettes I had.

RALPH LINTON, Cpl., 149th F.A.

### TO A DEPARTED BUDDIE

Remember, Jim, in the years gone by,  
When we were kids with hopes so high,  
We each loved Mollie, but never told,  
And I kissed her once—and it made you cry—  
Though you said you cried 'cause you had a cold?

Remember, kid, when we went to school,  
How we'd chuck our clothes by the swimmin' pool,  
And in we'd go for a splash and swim,  
And we called our teacher a "muddy old fool!"  
And we played around till the sun grew dim?

Jimmie boy, remember the years  
We danced our way on the Road of Fears  
And then one day, when the world went mad  
We learned for the first time the meaning of tears?  
But, Jimmie, old timer, you always seemed glad.

Jimmie, old pal, when the hour came,  
That took you away to a greater game,  
You went like a man! It was part of your rule,  
And now I am weary, and never the same,  
Since you left for the Officers' Training School.

HOWARD A. HESTY,  
Reg'tl Sgt. Maj., Inf.

### THE LIVING

I, laughing, try to sing my joy—  
For France, dear France, is free!  
(A widow clasps her trembling hands  
And smiles through tears at me.)

I gather close the tricolor  
(Oh, visioned, murdered child!),  
Embracing so the men of France  
Who, through the years, have fled  
Across the fields and back again—  
It was not all "Advance!"  
Retreating, one long agony  
While keeping faith with France.  
The ravaged girls and women  
Whose eyes were once so clear—  
I sing my song the louder,  
Their story not to hear.

If grief be ours, we may rejoice:  
Be mute, unless you know  
The happiness and anguish  
These people undergo.  
The fighting has been ended  
And fear of further loss:  
But France can see it hanging there—  
A figure on a Cross.  
For France—France knows what Mary felt  
And John (who loved her Son)  
When Jesus died, a Sacrifice . . .  
Another victory won!

CAROLINE GILTINAN,  
Chief Surgeon's Office.

### A WASTE OF TIME

Will the ticker be missed from the sinister wrist  
When we're dressed in our slacks, as of yore?  
When preposterous vests ride the swells of our  
Chests,  
And a tie glows where none glowed before?  
When the "chaunt-de-feu" with its bellicose air,  
Is as common as dust on the sea,  
Will the wrist-watch fade to the same dim shade  
As the circular, fuzzy puttee?

For there's many a man of the Boche-hunting  
clan  
Who went over the top with a smile,  
And a sort of air of the devil-may-care,  
And a mischievous grin on his face,  
But you know very well that this dodger of shell  
Would turn pale and go into a fit,  
If you asked him to dare—as a civvie—to wear  
A chronometer strapped to his mitt!

So, it seems to appear, this is perfectly clear:  
There's a watch on the Rhine for a while!  
But the watch on the wrist will no longer exist  
When we doff our bellicose attire.  
Then, a watch on a string will be really the thing  
And the other will leave but a trace  
In the narrow, pale turn that the sun don't  
burn.

Where the bracelet of time had its place.

\*Or in the language of our ally, the Q.M.:  
"Ties, neck, brilliant, L!"  
\*\*American movement.

ARTHUR S. CRANE, 2nd Lt., 168th Inf.

### SHE'S MY GIRL

I got a letter  
Yesterday,  
An' it said  
"She's my girl!"  
An' it said  
"She's my girl!"  
That she just heard  
That I was in the hospital.  
An' both  
An' when we were shot off,  
An' she (She's my girl!)  
An' she said  
She was prostrated  
An' that she'd  
Take care of me  
When I got back,  
Dearest.

An' it was signed  
Helen.  
An' she's my girl,  
An' I ain't  
In the hospital.  
An' both my arms  
Are on.  
But she  
Can take care of me  
When I get back.  
An' when we're shot off,  
I'll show her  
That my arms  
Ain't shot off.  
Get home.

O. A. C.

### THE LOST PAYROLL

Each month the men are wont to sign  
Upon a certain given line  
The payroll. So de 'ethelincourt,  
While kings were hunting men for sport,  
A courier was needed bad.  
So, lo! a youth with features glad,  
Esayed to step into the breach  
And forthwith try the men to reach.  
So mounting mule that balked and reared,  
With payroll spotlessly prepared,  
He rode away upon his steed:  
Two days the C.O. strayed and gazed,  
Emitting long and earnest sighs,  
And many anxious hours spent,  
For him who with the payroll went,  
The third day dawned and passed anon,  
And sank another Francus sun:  
And slowly came the dark around,  
And still the C.O. broadly frowned.  
But, hark! a voice in dull command,  
Requests his animal to stand:  
And then across the threshold he  
Who went away so gloriously  
Stood. And with a beauteous look,  
As though his senses had been took,  
Became a critic of his spur,  
And stuttered, "I am back now, sir."  
Continuing his brainless stare,  
—me—  
I had the men their names to sign,  
And think that I—that I signed mine.  
"Come in! Come in!" The Captain said,  
And to a seat the youth he led,  
"Give me the payroll!"  
If it is signed as it should be,  
The stripping quivered on his chair,  
And brushed away a mammoth tear,  
And forming words at dreadful cost,  
He whispered, "It is gone, it's lost!"  
The skipper dropped his outstretched hand,  
And looking for a place to land,  
He looked once more upon the loon,  
And sank away into a swoon.

ALTER MARVIN,  
Cpl., Co. M., 8th Pioneer Infantry.

### RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Red were her lips, as I pressed them to mine,  
Warm as her tender heart—sweeter than wine.  
White were the soft cheeks, wet with her tears,  
Tears born of sorrow and womanly fears.  
Blue was the blueness of night-sky and sea,  
Were the eyes of the woman that God gave me.

M. L.

## FOR SOME OF US THE WAR WILL NEVER END



### IN HIS SPARE TIME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

It has come to my notice that members of our great organization—the A.E.F.—have had resort to the columns of your excellent paper in making known to the public some of the great and wonderful feats executed during the past war. Such being the situation, surely the following feat deserves mention:

On a bright day of last September, as I was sitting beneath the carriage of my trusty cannon of the six-inch type, word was received that the Infantry was going over the top without the aid of a barrage. I mentioned the fact to a sergeant who presided over a brother gun. He, being a big-hearted lad, thought it suicide for the boys to go to the attack without the soothing effect of a hell-ripping artillery to precede them. It did no good to try to calm Sergeant Speedum by telling him that the guns had not yet been brought up, save for three, besides the fact that the nearest ammunition was at a dump a hundred yards distant.

Nothing daunted, Sergeant Speedum's face took on a determined grin. Acting on the second, he threw his coat aside and sped to the dump, secured ammunition, and soon had the three guns spitting fire. I, thinking the man loco, sat down and watched proceedings. By this time the Infantry had started from the trenches, but, to their surprise, the barrage was there. The amiable sergeant's speed was so great that in passing back and forth from the ammunition pile the friction of the air against the shell set off the percussion cap, but, meeting the predicament, he would unscrew the mechanism and extinguish the spark before the explosive ignited. In this manner he carried the ammunition the hundred yards (one shell per trip), loaded and fired the guns, besides thoroughly cleaning and oiling the guns after each dozen shots.

It seems incredible, but there is authentic proof that the thing was done so rapidly that it looked as though a pipe line was running from the mouth of each piece. The active three-striper gave me instructions to work the cannon to and fro, thereby causing the shots to scatter over a three-mile front, falling so thickly that an observer thought that a vast plate of sheet metal was set up before the enemy's line. Though all this seemed supernatural to me, Sergeant Speedum crowned the feat and increased my wonder when, after firing a shot, he would run around to the head of a gun and look down its mouth to see what detained the shot.

The Infantry obtained their objective without a casualty. Seeing the boys well set, the now perspiring sergeant put on his coat, sat upon a rock, rolled and lit a cigarette, looked into my starting, awestruck face and said, "Kid, don't tell this on me. I could have done a decent job if it wasn't for the fact that the ammunition dump you spoke of was blown up and I had to make my own out of that scrap heap over there on that hill," which, by the way, was two hundred yards distant.

LEO M. BUNDSBU,  
Cavalry, alias Artillery.

### BON VOYAGE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

With no desire to start a divisional controversy, I beg of you not to mention the 82nd Division so often. It is quite embarrassing to the officers and men to receive such publicity. We want to be modest like some of the divisions that come from the large cities where large newspapers are published.

Next to the M.P.'s, I think we did the most to win the war. We arrived over here last and are going home first. We weren't in the lines long, only being in once for 26 days without relief, and our artillery stayed in for 37 days. We never had any first battalions, because it isn't healthy to get lost at the front. Most of the casualties were caused from over-eating and consuming the large quantities of chocolate, etc., the various welfare organizations who were at "the front" fed us upon.

Some day in the dim, distant future somebody will be pawing through the archives at Washington and discover there was an 82nd Division in the war, for won't the proof be there in black and white on the many memorandums and orders issued from G.H.Q.? Then let the bands play and the press agents get busy, for the 82nd will come into its own.

But perhaps, after all, there may be some truth in the old saying that silence is golden, for we are now at Bordeaux and on the way home. If we had had our press agent with us along in the Argonne and St. Mihiel we might now be in Germany.

PRIVATE PETA.

### HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 5, 1918.

A.E.F. PATROLS MAKE DAYLIGHT CALLS ON HUNS—First Bags Prisoners, Other Explores Enemy Lines in Vain—Thirty Flee Before Five—Guests Fail to Find Single German in 600-Yard Tour of Hostile Defenses.

SIXTEEN YANKS CITED BY FRENCH FOR GALLANTRY—Medaille Militaire to Be Awarded Hero of Shell-Wrecked Dugout.

GENERAL FOCH, NEW ALLIED CHIEF, LIVES, TEACHES AND THINKS WAR—Leader of Entente Forces in Giant Defensive Never Conceded Defeat.

WAR ORPHANS FIND FRIENDS IN A.E.F. UNITS—Five Mascots Sure of Year's Care as Result of First Week's Work.

NEW OVERSEAS CAP NOT A PIN-CUSHION—Even Insignia of Officer's Rank Can't Be Worn on A.E.F. Millinery.

### A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your issue of October 11, 1918, page 8, there appeared a story regarding the death of my brother, Sgt. Joseph Dillon, of the 35th Division, who was killed in action in the Argonne on September 29, 1918.

I wish to state that this story is entirely false and in justice to my brother I wish you would kindly so state in your next issue.

This article stated that Sgt. Joseph Dillon was the adopted son of Wesley R. Childs, a Y.M.C.A. worker of Kansas, and that when Childs learned that his son had been killed in action, he at great personal risk searched the battlefield, while shells were still falling, finally finding the body, and with the aid of two men and a chaplain buried him.

The facts in the case are these: My brother's father and mother died when he was quite young and for a while he boarded with Childs, but was never adopted by him. He was wounded in action on September 29, 1918, and died a few hours after being taken to the rear. He was buried by Father Tierman, chaplain of the 129th Field Artillery, Childs did not know he was killed until three days after he was buried, when Childs secured a chaplain and had service performed over his grave.

ROBERT J. DILLON,  
Finance Bureau, A.E.F.

### YOU TRY IT, WARREN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

We have just received a consignment of caterpillar tractors, also several saddles and sets of spurs, and we are not just sure whether regulations say to sit in the saddle or post. Also which is the most sensitive part of tractor anatomy to use spurs on?

WARREN N. ENRICK, Co. E, 4th Am. Tr.

### NAMING NO NAMES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

For the sake of variety let's give the gold bars a rest and give the silver stars a chance. The following incidents have actually occurred and any Artillery officer will appreciate them. Soon after the armistice, when the first series of inspection barrages were being put down in all combat divisions, a certain division commander, while viewing a regiment of Artillery on a special inspection, noticed the horse gas masks strapped upon the halters of the animals as they passed proudly by. He turned to the regimental commander and said, "I don't exactly see the reason for bringing out those nose bags for this inspection."

The same officer, on reviewing the same regiment upon its march toward Germany, noticed a few wooden boxes containing fuses for the high explosive shells fastened on the numbers of the caissons. He complimented the B.C. upon his forethought in bringing along boxes from which to feed grain to the animals en route.

Another officer of equally high rank, after watching a battery of light guns firing on a range during their training period, inquired of the executive officer if the next problem would be fired with shrapnel or quadrant.

JACK.

### LOST IS RIGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Sometime ago we read in your wonderful paper of the famous Lost Battalion. We revel in the account. Now we think we have reason to advance a claim to similar recognition and publicity. We want to be known as the Lost Machine Gun Battalion. Our reasons are as follows: In THE STARS AND STRIPES of March 21 under the heading, "Recent Departures," we have discovered that we sailed from France on the good ship Rijndam, ostensibly bound for the United States.

Now, if the Rijndam arrives in the States without the 144th Machine Gun Battalion, there is only one conclusion to be drawn, and that is that we were lost in transit. The States papers will copy your announcement of our sailing; our people will read that we have sailed for home, but we'll never arrive.

Perhaps we did sail and we are only dreaming that we are sitting in the rain on the beach at Pauillac watching the transports come and go. It would be awfully jolly to wake up some sunny morning, pop our heads over the rail and see Miss Liberty proudly watching us come home. But we fear that it is no dream.

In that case, what is going to be done? Will searching parties scour the seven seas for years to come for some trace of us? Will there be an investigation into the system that allows an entire battalion to evaporate without leaving a trace? Such questions as the above vex us as we sit in the rain on the beach at Pauillac watching the transports come and go.

But the chief question of all—will our paper see that we are duly recognized as the Lost Machine Gun Battalion? We would appreciate any help you can be to us in this matter. And now comes the San Francisco Examiner and says that the 144th Machine Gun Battalion has arrived in the United States and that California is very happy over the return of her troops.

ENLISTED MEN OF 144TH M.G. BN.,  
A.P.O. 705-B, A.E.F., France.

### UP IN IT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I noticed in your paper of March 21 a letter signed by "Afother of 'Em," claiming that he recently came back from the front and knows a few things about what went on up on the line. He wants to know of any one who has been there and seen a colonel lead a second lieutenant over the top.

I want to say that I have been there and saw a colonel go over the top in a raiding party on the morning of November 10; I also saw a general on the front line at Chateau-Cherey in the Argonne about October 8, when 7th, one-pounders and trench mortars were shelling the line, he being the only commissioned officer on the line at the time, picking out emplacements for machine guns.

We had this kind of colonels and generals in our division. I also want to state that I was a sergeant at the time, acting commander of my company. The first sergeant of my company was acting major of the battalion. I have seen the major in command of the regiment on the front line time and again, when liaison was poor, getting information and helping get the men straightened out, there being no commissioned officers in the companies, all being killed or wounded. The enlisted men of my regiment seeing these officers on the front lines regained their spirits and pushed ahead fighting.

About this raid on November 10, I want to state that I was one of the lieutenants second in command. The first lieutenant in command of the raid was recommended for a D.S.C., and personally I think that the colonel deserved a D.S.C. Furthermore, will say that I am not handshaking with generals, colonels or majors.

ANOTHER OF 'EM.

### A REAL LINGUIST

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Here's a puzzle I worked out while a prisoner in Germany. Make a sentence of four words using the same word each time and speak it in six different languages.

The answer: Yes we see you.<



## COFFEE, BREAD, JAM IN DENTAL PARLORS

Daddy Ford, American, of  
Toulouse, Turns Shop  
Over to Yanks

### FIVE GRAVES IN HIS CARE

O.D. Shirt and Overseas Cap  
Transforms Goated Doctor  
Into Regular Doughboy

Down in the only part of France that is sunny, on the muddy, slow-flowing Garonne river, lies Toulouse, city of Romanesque architecture, dungeons, greese, violets and prehistoric monuments. To Toulouse, just 47 years ago in 1872—came a young American, a dentist, just out of college in the States.

When the first home-sick, silent Americans wearing olive drab reached Toulouse, they discovered living there amid the crowded thousands of French people a man who was as strange to them as if he had been discovered living on a Robinson Crusoe's isle. It was Daddy Ford, the American dentist of 1872, not now transfigured into a doughboy, but he was a goatee and mustache. He was obviously old, but he was still vigorous.

He still spoke English, or, more properly, American, although he had not talked it in bunches for nearly half a century. And he spoke, of course, French—spoke it like a charter member of the Franco-American League. He could fill, excavate and extract teeth without the slightest trace of an accent. But he had not forgotten that Washington, D. C. was the capital of the United States of America, and he knew that Ulysses S. Grant was no longer president.

And then there happened one of those strange transformations that often come to old men, when the recollections of youth blaze up again out of charming memories, and Daddy Ford stepped out into broad daylight as an American. His French neighbors hardly recognized him the day he put on the overseas cap, the khaki shirt and red, white and blue ribbon and walked the street with a pair of doughboys who happened to be passing through the road city of Toulouse.

### Known to All Soldiers

That first manifestation was long ago, but today in Toulouse there is one man whose fame among Americans is greater than that of Daddy Ford—Dr. George Ford, to be precise, as he has maintained his dental practice ever since he came to France upon him. And through that section just above the Spanish border, the soldiers all know the old man who hangs around the arcade-like station, giving cigars and cigarettes and talks about the days back in 1872, when France was just getting over another war under less happy circumstances.

In time the Americans in Toulouse came to number many thousands. There were hospitals and supply depots and labor companies, and Daddy Ford went on with his transformation. They were one day when one of the first boys to come to Toulouse died in the hospital.

That same day Daddy Ford arranged for a cemetery about two miles outside Toulouse. Today there are five little graves on the level plain, five white crosses upstanding in a row, above every cross an American flag. The flags are all planted in the ground. Daddy Ford has planted an almost always straightening in the winds that sweep the plain, but they never disappear. Every morning, old men go to the graves and water the flowers and so that the little hillocks are kept in condition.

### Buffalo Bill Posters on Walls

And today the three little rooms in which Dr. Ford started his dental practice are crowded day and night with American soldiers. In his clientless dental parlors they are served coffee and bread and jam. They marvel at the faded posters of Buffalo Bill and his cowboy posse on the walls, but there is nothing of 1872 about the slang which the dentist of today uses. The Red Cross has been financing Daddy Ford's dental clinic, and Daddy Ford is spending most of his spare time these days in trying to induce the United States State Department to grant him a citizenship certificate and citizenship. He has been abroad technically having forfeited his claim by birth.

## PICK AND SHOVEL LAY ARMISTICE BARRAGE AS YANKS FORGE GRIMLY AHEAD IN NEW BATTLE OF THE ARGONNE

Plump P.W.'s Help to Mend  
Roads Over Which  
Refugees Return

The armistice went into effect on the morning of November 11, 1918, but American troops are still fighting the battle of the Argonne.

From Ste. Menesbould to Sedan, from Grand-Pré to Dun-sur-Meuse, nearly every town and village that was captured or overrun in the greatest of all American battles now has its torn detachment of lingering American soldiers, quartered there amid the grimy, disconsolate, rain-soaked ruins which that battle left in its wake. Les Islettes, Exermont, Cheppy, Culsy, Romagne, Chemery, all have their American outposts today. They dwell amid the mud and rubbish and they wonder when they are going home.

The tumult, and the shooting died some months ago. All the kings and most of the captains departed long since. But there remain graves to be shifted, dead to be named, roads to be mended, refuse to be carried away, property to be watched, bridges to be built, prisoners to be guarded. American troops—thousands upon thousands of them—are on the job.

Consider Grand-Pré. When members of the 7th and 18th Divisions encountered each other these days, A.E.F.'s have to take care to prevent disputes as to who took that much-battered town on the Aisne. But members of Troop G, 2nd Cavalry, can imagine nothing of the capture of the town who took Grand-Pré. The only question they consider important is who holds Grand-Pré now. And they know the answer. It was the capital of the Argonne. They are perfectly willing to let go.

Thirteen members of Troop G are working along the Argonne in heavy-packed and of a once handsome château. The sizable American colony that settled in Grand-Pré after the armistice has melted away. The nurses have gone from Chilly-Chachery. The Engineers and labor troops and salvage squads have gone. The Cavalrymen have lost their Y.M.C.A. hut, all their officers and most of their horses. They have nothing left but their rifles, their side arms, their Victrola and their morale.

Their only work is to guard some rubbish that no one wants to steal. Their only duty is to shoot up the cattle, of whom war was declared after a lot of beef was raided. Their only real pleasure is to lie in wait for a passing column of German soldiers under French guard and start it off with a few packages of Bull Durham.

### Germans on the Job

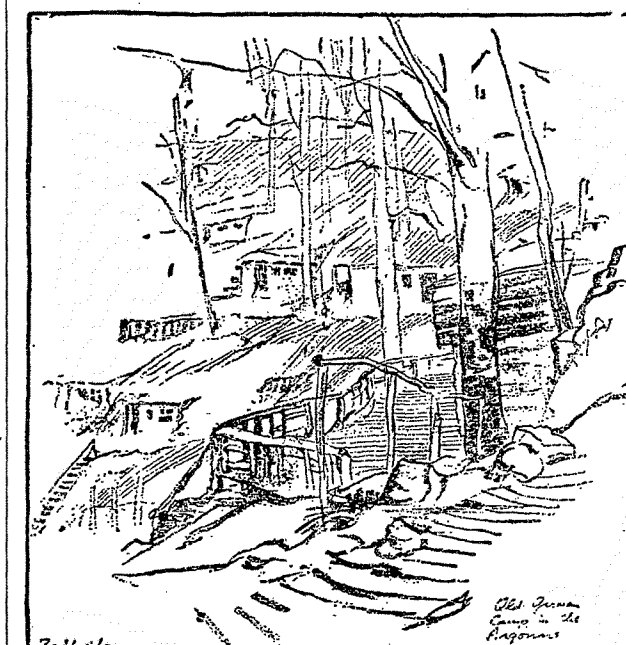
For German soldiers are also fighting the battle of the Argonne. They are dressed in motley, they move from job to job in groups of hundreds, sometimes guarded by police and sometimes guarded by the French. The American guards derive a certain satisfaction from the fact that their prisoners are, all of them, plump and rosy, not to say natty in their American slippers and high, luxurious rubber-soled shoes. "Here they go, get a wiggle on you and give us a lift here," the guards sing out.

And Jerry's wiggle is a wonder. "Well," says the sergeant in charge, reflectively, "it seems we won the war, and they lost it, but here we are together, both working on French roads. I don't know but what they've got the edge on us slightly. They don't have so far to go to get home. And say, the ones that are with the French are always sneaking over and trying to get mixed up with our prisoners. They know which Army's got all the luck when it comes to rations."

But if Grand-Pré is a depressing spot, as shells and bullets grow more numerous in the April rain at Culsy and Septevast and Nantillois are inexpressibly dismal places, he would be an insensible person who could visit Varennes these days without feeling the inspiration of the work that is going on in that wreck of a famous village.

Varennes, the little highway town where Louis de Marie Antoinette was captured in their flight from Paris, was a target for the shells all through the war. There was not a single house left standing when the fighting ended. The town was a mass of ruins. It is now a ghost town. There were only a few remnants of houses and cellars to provide a headquarters for the 1st Division during the hardest battle those A.E.F. veterans ever knew.

Yet, Varennes now is alive with new activity—a little colony of road work and hope. There is a large camp of prisoners neatly billeted in barracks on the edge of the road that leads up Cheppy way. There is a negro battalion parked in the field alongside the forest road where the ammunition train of the 82nd Division was quartered for so many weeks.



Old German Camp in the Argonne

And in the heart of the town, in a space cleared amid the wreckage of old homes, there has risen a trim and comfortable a camp as can be found anywhere in the A.E.F. It is the home of Truck 7, 23rd Engineers, and because it takes more than mud and uncertainty to shake their morale, it is a good home.

### Camp Amidst Wreckage

It invites the wayfarer at every point, from the smooth, well-rolled ground in front, the trim box hedges, the glistening flagpole (raised in time to fly a flag on the anniversary of the regiment's arrival in France), and the "Truck Seven" worked out in red and white brick on the leveling ground, for all the world like the name of a suburb at a railway station back home. Inside, things get better and better. It is true that the art collections, consisting as they do of paintings salvaged from ruined churches and covers cut out from "La Vie Parisienne," are catholic in a sense the church wouldn't understand. But there's nothing the matter with the beds.

Above all, there's nothing the matter with the electric lights, thanks to an engine the Germans left behind them in their somewhat hasty retreat from the Argonne. And there's nothing the matter with the hot and cold water showers nor with the big porcelain bathtub found amid the wreckage of a house. The only thing that is a little bit of a nuisance is the fact that the truck is too late for the spring planting. They find waiting them these women, ready with warm beds, a good roof and some bowls of steaming coffee.

The very look of the shack, both inside and out, holds forth encouragement, suggesting how much can be done with stuff picked up amid the ruins, plus a little good will. Primroses and cowslips bloom gaily in the little front garden. Inside, some old Turner engravings, fished out of the debris of the ruins, look down from a wall of which the wainscot is made of lath, tacked in squares on a background of German sand-bag cloth. The pussy willows, fresh-cut from the edge of the Argonne forest, just fit in the vases the 75 shells make, and some capital hanging flower-

start life again in alien villages, partly because, all through the war, it had been their prayer to get back home before death overtook them.

The size of the colony in any village is not determined by the extent of the destruction. No town could be much more obliterated than Varennes, yet new life is astir there, and even Montfaucon has farmers asleep in its cellars at night, while St. Juvin and Marec and Landres-et-St. Georges, though far less completely destroyed, would be almost deserted villages were it not for the German prisoners and their guards. But these places are further from the railroad. It is that which makes the difference.

That is the reason, too, why there has been less change in the look of the countryside along the hill crests of the once formidable Kriemhilde Stellung. Though the salvage squads have worked

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pots can be fashioned from German helmets. The bread-box used to hold ammunition and the cushion cover on the divan was once a battalion panel.

In such a pleasant setting, the returning refugees learn that seed is waiting them and that when they are ready to plow, horses and implements will be provided. Already, the soil of the battlefield around Exermont is being turned, sometimes by the men of this reconstruction committee, sometimes by the French villagers themselves.

### Old People Back First

For every village, no matter how battered, has some of its folk back, standing like ghosts amid the ruins. There are fewer back than in the area between the Marne and the Vesle, for the devastation in the Argonne was more complete and the imprisonment of that countryside of so much longer duration that more of its people have taken root elsewhere.

It is the old people who come back first, partly because they found it hardest to

ward, the wanderer who goes from Grand-Pré along the ghastly crests that blocked the way to Landres-et-St. Georges and reaches finally the bloody heights of the Côte de Chailion finds things much as they were when the guns were still last November.

The dead no longer lie in the field, and everywhere there is a strange silence, but the shell-holes look as if the echo of the barings must still hang in the air and everywhere the wire stands. The wire is the great problem of the salvage men. It remains still to be solved.

There is at least one part of the Argonne, however, that is utterly deserted. Not a prisoner, not an engineer works in the Forest of Argonne itself. No form of human life can be found in those extraordinary ravines of which the slopes had been so completely fitted out with dug-outs by the Germans during their long tenancy that an entire Yankee regiment could take its repose in a single ravine.

### How to Increase Your Income

Some American hustler will make a million dollars out of one of those ravines. He will rent it for several seasons from the French government, which will think he is crazy. Then he will shore up the dugouts and shacks that have given way under the winter rains. He will pick up the litter of tin cans and extend that he has furnished all the cooking out of the ravine. Then he will run a bus line to Ste. Menesbould and plaster the Paris hotels with signs inviting all American tourists to come and camp out over-night in the Forest of Argonne.

### Bed and Board on the Battle Field

Taste Life as Our Soldiers Lived It  
Spend a Night in the Argonne  
Fifty France Nights

Not only the battlefield itself has its detachments of Americans, but most of the towns and villages which constituted the rear echelons during that battle—most of the countryside from Varennes and Montfaucon to Juvigny-le-Duc.

These are not much more cheerful habitations and it was with a great sigh of relief that the 18th Division moved on another day, pulling up stakes from Souilly, which was First Army Headquarters during the battle, and from all the towns roundabout, which, in a way, absurdly enough, are named Prize.

These little villages of mud and manure are just as cheerless as though the Germans had blown them off the map, and there came times when the Yanks billeted there wished devoutly that the Germans had done just that.

The 18th Infantry tried to put a bright face on things by setting up a theater, naming it the Metropolitan Opera House. But even this humor failed, and when the order to move over Chailion came the other day, the divisional paper, a snappy young journalist named "The Lorraine Cross," felt so good about it that it got out an extra with screaming headlines: "The 18th Infantry, the first American extra ever printed in France."

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### TIFFANY & CO.

25 Rue de la Paix and Place de l'Opera

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NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street

## ARE YOU WEALTHY? THEN TAKE WARNING

But Income Tax Bill Provides Fair-Sized Exemption for Militaires

As a great many people have suspected, we are all going to have a fair chance to help pay for the new law. Company mathematicians and platoon debating societies must easily make the winter seem too short by trying to figure out where everybody stands, momentarily speaking, under the Income Tax Bill, approved February 24, 1919, whose provisions have just been cabled to the A.E.F. by the War Department.

Stripped of all wherefores and therefores and other legal word wheels, the new act seems to say plainly that the tax will be 6 per cent on the first \$1,000 net income and 12 per cent upon excess of that amount. The civil exemption is \$1,000 for single persons and \$2,000 for married persons.

A military exemption of \$3,500 is allowed, enough, as some people supposed, to just let out Master Signal Engineers and Q.M. sergeants, senior grade, but this exemption will only apply to income actually received as salary or compensation for services in the Army or Navy and will not cover incomes from private sources.

Company clerks need not have any great fear of the new law. Company most buck privateers won't qualify in the solemnly sworn to paper work entries. The law will not require statements from those soldiers who receive less than \$3,500 as pay and who do not have other income at all, but more than \$3,000, if single, and \$2,000, if married. If either Army or civil income exceeds the amounts stated, however, the income tax return must be filed. It has been provided that members of the military and naval forces abroad need not file the return until 30 days after the president has proclaimed the legal ending of the war.

The little German band that used to play on the corner, as some people supposed, is other name, but it will never put on the same airs.

### Knights of Columbus

Club House

27 Blvd. Maiesherbes Paris

EVERYBODY WELCOME

ARROW

COLLARS

and SHIRTS

How Germany Must Pay

For submarine outrages—for Zeppelin raids—for ruined Belgium and devastated France? How shall she make restitution and restoration? What guarantees must she give for future good behavior? What retribution must she suffer? What shall be done with the workers of abomination, from the Kaiser down, who violated the laws of God and man?

While Justice imposes stern requirements, it is necessary to study the questions of Germany's manpower, material resources, financial ability and political divisions.

These and other vital after-the-war problems are discussed in striking articles each week in

## The Literary Digest

Frank & Wagnall Company, Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary, New York

## TO PROVIDE NERVE SYSTEM FOR A.E.F., TASK OF SIGNAL CORPS

### Continued from Page 1

phones, switchboards, telegraph instruments, radio equipment, and quantities of special and technical supplies, in addition to the regular reserve to be carried.

In trench warfare, also, telephone and telegraph lines were used, but they were laid underground for the most part. What was known as the "buzzphone" permitted the extensive use of the telephone lines by our combat forces, as the telephone in fact, that all other means of communication might be classed as auxiliary and emergency. Between company headquarters in the trench and battalion headquarters, underground telegraph, or T.P.S., as the French called it, was used to supplement telephone communication. Then for the same purpose between battalion and regimental headquarters, trench radio was employed.

### Sometimes Ahead of Infantry

The most interesting and spectacular modes of signaling in combat were employed only in emergency cases. Generally, the lines were cut, the Very pistol with its star shell cartridges or the 15-centimeter French projector could be used. Many times troops supplied the only means of communication as in the case of the Lost Battalion in the Argonne. Runners, of course, played a large part in the relaying of messages after the fighting became continuous open last summer.

The Signal Corps men at the front, both in stationary trench warfare and in the open advances, did their work in the face of the same dangers and hardships that faced the doughboy, suffered heavily in losses, and gained richly in thrilling experiences worth while remembering. They went over the top with their comrades and oftentimes had to go ahead of the infantry.

When the town of Vaux was captured, June 20, 1918, because of a turning movement, a Signal Corps detachment reached the objective before the infantry. A man was sent out to install a telephone. He found a likely looking dugout and went in, telephone in hand. He found nine Germans hurriedly packing up to move. He told them he wanted to put in a telephone. They objected and then he saw a German light, ensued, and the lone American was decidedly underneath, when one of the German soldiers spoke in Polish. Once again the cosmopolitan character of the American Army saved the day. The telephone man was a native-born Pole himself, and in a few minutes he had reinforcements, with the result that shortly after he emerged from the dugout with a broken telephone and nine prisoners, five of whom were Poles.

### Copying German Messages

There was one kind of work done by the Signal Corps at the front which for interest and daring vies with anything the records of the war hold. This was the task performed by 12 officers and 402 men of the Radio Section, who maintained six different kinds of stations for keeping tabs on the enemy and policing our own lines to see that the enemy did not keep any tabs on us.

They had intelligence intercept stations which copied messages in code from German ground-radio stations; airplane intercept stations which intercepted messages between enemy planes and ground stations; airplane goniometric stations which

located enemy observation planes; control stations which supervised and policed the work of the American radio stations; goniometric stations which got bearings on enemy radio stations; and last but not least, the listening stations which copied telephone and T.P.S. messages of the enemy.

The story of how the Germans devised a new code for use at the front and of how the Allies got on to it before the Germans themselves, illustrates the fineness of our Signal Corps in this kind of work. The new code was supposed to have gone into effect March 11, 1918. On March 13 an American Intelligence intercept station caught a message from a German station which had just received a message in the new code, indicating that the message be repeated in the old.

From the call letters given in the message it was possible to find both the original message in the new code, and the repetition in the old. This assured the solution of the new code before the Germans themselves were familiar with it.

### Changing Codes at Instant's Notice

As a contrast, and as a curious commentary on the much talked of German efficiency and American unpreparedness, when a code book was stolen from us by the Germans, not only was another code ready but our operators were actually prepared to use it when the order went out to put it in immediate effect.

There is no more thrilling page in the romance of the war than the little history of the American listening stations of the Signal Corps. They were always to the front and sometimes in No Man's Land itself, but wherever they were they were to be located, they were, as one of the men described them, "very near Heaven." Their business was eavesdropping, and if they didn't hear the message they wanted, they managed to do the doughboy lots of good.

Loops of wire were constructed out in No Man's Land parallel to the enemy's lines, and the tiny electric currents in them were magnified by means of an amplifier. Copper mesh mats or metallic rods were buried as near the enemy wires as possible and then connected to the amplifier. By this means ground currents and leaks from the enemy wires were magnified to audibility.

The plantings of these "ground" near the enemy's lines called out some of the most heroic instances of personal bravery and resourcefulness at the front. Time after time these men were caught by the spotlights of the enemy, they crawled out in the night toward the German lines and were seen no more. Often they were caught between a double barrage probably started by their own army. More often, however, they wiggled their way through barbed wire and shell holes, planted their wires, and returned to reap the benefit of their daring.

### Photographic Service's Work

There were many special services of the Signal Corps charged with important and interesting work. For many years to come thousands of pictures of battle scenes and A.E.F. projects will never be looked at without a little reminder at the foot of them that they were the work of the Signal Corps. The Photographic Service in 11 months exposed in the field and developed 388,149 feet of actual war moving

picture film, and at the same time exposed 24,273 still negatives from which 152,213 prints were made.

The Meteorological Section furnished data to the Artillery, Air Service, Chemical Warfare Service and Sound Ranging units as to the direction and speed of the winds and probabilities regarding rain, fog, clouds, etc.

The Army Pigeon Company rendered valuable aid in providing communication, especially with tanks and isolated units, when all other means had failed.

The Research and Inspection Division maintained at Paris a laboratory for the development of apparatus to meet signaling requirements, tested out all new apparatus and inspected all signal supplies. Among the new devices credited to this division might be named a tank radio set, the two-way radio loop set for communication between advanced units, the American listening station equipment, the two-way T.P.S. set, mobile telephone and telegraph offices, a four-side device, the Chillovsky shell to increase gun range by 25 per cent through means of a source of great heat provided in front of the shell so that the air through which it passed was reduced in density, and radio tractors and trailers and goni tractors.

An Engineering Section planned all Signal Corps installation. Finally, there was a section charged with the preparation of our codes.

### Largest Military Tel. & Tel.

The Signal Corps in the S.O.S. stood staunchly behind its front line work. It not only made it possible for any American unit in the S.O.S. to get in touch with any other, but supplied all the missing links between the S.O.S. and the actual advance areas. It operated at Tours the largest military telephone and telegraph office in the world and two others nearly as large at Paris and Chaumont. The Tours office did more business than any commercial office in France except one in Paris alone.

In the fall of 1917 the increasing importance of A.E.F. communications made it necessary to arrange for our own cable across the English Channel. Accordingly, in January, 1918, a four-conductor cable was laid from the Signal Corps between Le Havre and the southern coast of England, which connected directly with London. The Signal Corps established large offices in London and lines were leased to the various camps and ports in England occupied by the A.E.F., such as Winchester, Southampton and Liverpool.

To the credit of the Signal Corps must be given one of the chief accomplishments of the whole Signal Corps during the war—the successful equipment of combat divisions with the special signaling apparatus required in modern warfare. Much of this especially radio equipment, was new to America and had to be located in sufficient quantity in Europe. It cost \$9,500,000 to equip our units in the field. Our complete telephone and telegraph system cost only \$1,500,000. For miscellaneous equipment for photography, research, meteorological work, schools and repairs, we spent \$2,500,000. More than \$1,500,000 was spent in France.

The Signal Corps maintained seven supply depots and three army parks covering storage of 350,000 square feet and an open storage space of 1,500,000 square feet.

More than 100,000 tons of supplies were handled, 62,000 coming from the States, 37,000 from France and 1,000 from Great Britain.

And the work of the Signal Corps, with the troops and in the S.O.S., like the work of many other branches of the Army, has not ended with the armistice. Indeed, the accomplishments of this department in extending and maintaining communications requirements, tested out all new apparatus and inspected all signal supplies. Among the new devices credited to this division might be named a tank radio set, the two-way radio loop set for communication between advanced units, the American listening station equipment, the two-way T.P.S. set, mobile telephone and telegraph offices, a four-side device, the Chillovsky shell to increase gun range by 25 per cent through means of a source of great heat provided in front of the shell so that the air through which it passed was reduced in



What care we for "Y" hul dances?  
There's a thrilling in the glen,  
What care we how muddy France is!  
Blithesome April's here again.

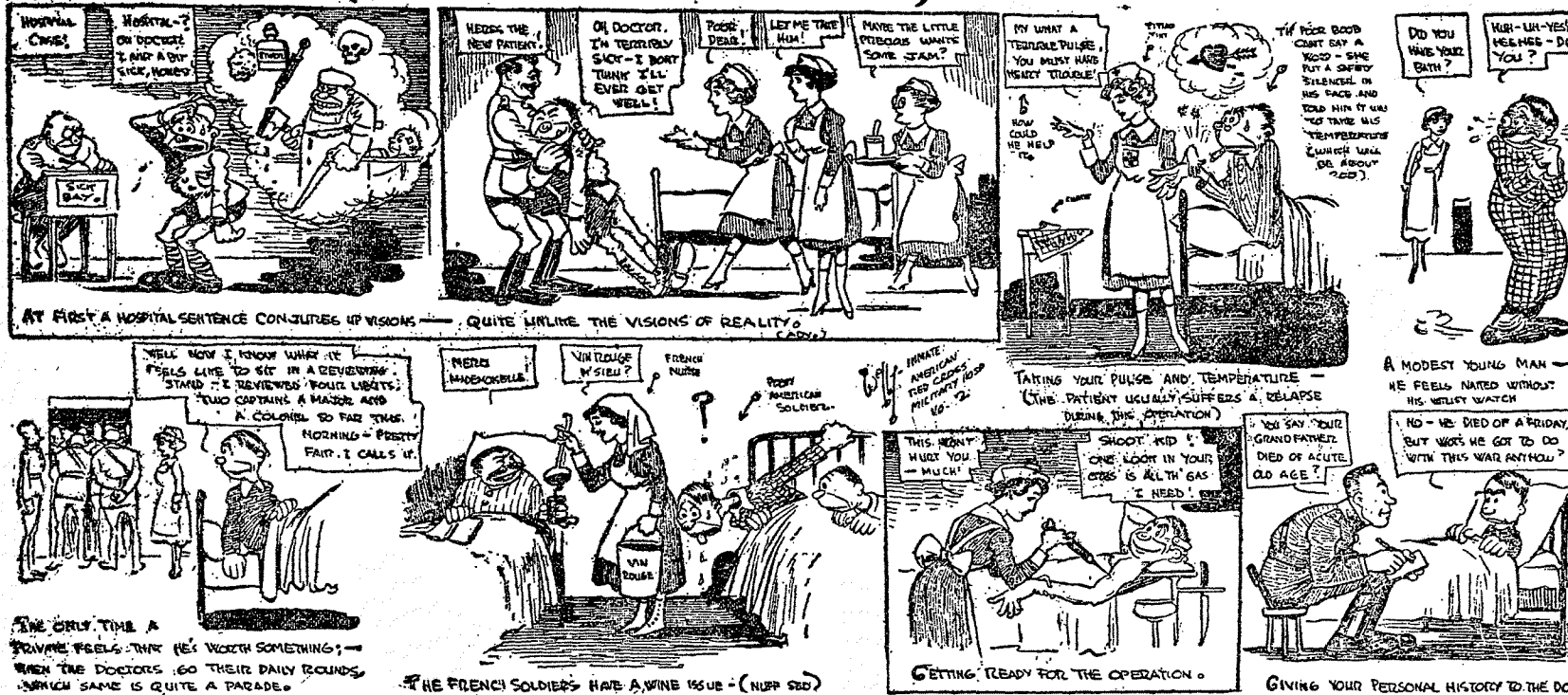
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## SK IN HOSP (IN LINE OF BEAUTY)

[Reprinted from THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 19, 1918, and included in "Wally: His Cartoons of the A.E.F."]

-By WALLGREN



## Helpful Hints

No. 10 NEVER FLIRT WITH YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICERS.



## LEVIATHAN TAKES 12,000 SOLDIERS HOME EVERY TRIP

One Hour and 50 Minutes to Feed Everybody at Stand-Up Mess

## ORDERLIES FOR WOUNDED

Sam Brownes, Spurs and Dice Among Articles Banned on Big Transport

The War Department has ruled that officers must cast aside their Sam Brownes when they arrive in the States. The executive naval officer aboard the giant transport Leviathan has bettered that decision and has ordered that officers will be stripped not only of their belts but also of their spurs on coming aboard ship, "on account of damage they have observed to do to furniture and furnishings."

Soldiers are admonished not to permit their seasickness to be visible while on deck and if they do, they must be provided with a spit kit, into which will go the unwanted lunch. If by any chance the lunch goes on the deck then the dispensing soldier is S.O.L. He must clean it up.

Admission to the grand lounge on the top deck is by no means open to all. A guard which is never relaxed, for that deck is reserved for field officers and female first class passengers.

A colonel, a major, three captains, seven first lieutenants, the regimental band, 20 sergeants, 24 corporals and 300 privates are required to perform the necessary guard duties, which range from keeping tabs on the mess and spurs to directing lost soldiers to their proper quarters. Sentries are permitted to read on post, provided they read the General Orders, Water Tight Door Orders and Special Orders.

## Then What Becomes of It?

If a crumpled piece is discovered by an officer the cash is confiscated and immediately turned in at Army Headquarters.

These are only a few of the rules and regulations governing the great transport. German liner which now carries some 12,000 troops back to the States every trip.

All the soldiers aboard the Leviathan are in the canteen, where they are given a hot meal in just one hour and 50 minutes. If the troops are tardy or have a tendency to linger in or around that best liked spot in the ship—the former Post Hall, now the mess hall for enlisted men—a torrent of salty slang pours forth from the navy cooks. The mess formation is informal, and like that in the Army, at tables and eat. It is better, experience has proven, both for uniforms and mess hall for the soldiers to stand. For at times the Leviathan rocks a bit, and when she rocks, there is no doubt about the rocking. Few meals are missed, however.

If a soldier feels indisposed, he doesn't bother with the ship's mess. He moves into the sick bay, where a doctor and a nurse attend to him. The ship's canteen, which in attractiveness and variety of eatables rivals many canteens and cake shops in the States.

When in New York on her last trip the Leviathan was crowded with 12,000 men, so that the total carrying capacity has been increased to over 12,000 officers and soldiers. Added to this is a crew of 1,600 men, 100 naval officers. The troops are quartered on four decks in 100 separate troop compartments, holding from 50 to 1,543 men.

## Liquid Salt Soap for Washing

Compartments are numbered consecutively for each deck from bow to stern. Bunks in compartments are numbered consecutively. Salt water is available for washing and bathing purposes, and liquid soap is supplied in dispensers. At the end of each section of bunks there is a rack for rifles and belts. All ammunition, together with matches and lighters, must be turned in to the naval officers when organizations arrive on board. They are assigned as senior troop compartment officers. Added to this number there are 50 first lieutenants who are junior troop compartment officers, 75 sergeants as their assistants and 25 corporals. According to the ship rules, at least one of the three officers assigned to each compartment must be always on duty. The sergeants relieve the compartment officers between reveille and taps.

These officers are responsible for policing the compartments, which includes the cleaning of latrines, urinals, washrooms or wash basins, showers and drinking fountains. Daily inspections are conducted by the ship's medical officers and designated officers among the troops aboard.

Of the troops aboard, the wounded live better even than the officers. Over the cot of every wounded man is a push button, and if a match or a cigarette or a magazine is wanted, there is an orderly who responds to the push.

One of the most attractive features of the Leviathan to members of the A.E.F. who aren't slated for immediate transfer to the States is that on every return trip she brings back an average of 17,000 sacks of first class mail.

## SOME OF THEM ARE GETTING AWAY WITH A PRETTY SLICK LINE OF STUFF

When P. T. Barnum, or whoever said it, remarked that each man's wrist watch is pregnant with birth dates of suckers, his epigram covered aptly and fully that great body of American Journalists who for the past few months have been filling otherwise quite readable newspapers with pictures and interviews which have caused in the A.E.F. a riot of humorous disgust.

Witness, for example, the Chicago Tribune including the following in a story written by C. J. Julian at New York on February 9, when the old Eighth Illinois landed:

"Captain Patton dislensed trenches because it took time to traverse them. So he got a bicycle and used to ride up and down on No. 10's Land giving his orders from the bicycle. German machine gunners tried unsuccessfully to knock him off. Finally a German shot the spokes out of the wheel and ruined the bicycle."

Comes then the New York Herald with a picture in its rotogravure section of February 2, showing:

"Bob Day of New York City. Has the distinction of being one of the most decorated and wounded men of the 77th Division. He has the U.S. Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre and has been commended personally by the King of England."

## Another Smokeless Battle

Not to be outdone by its New York edition, the Paris New York Herald of March 18, 1919, prints the following under a Columbus, Ohio, date line:

"Lieutenant Draney of Crooksville, former Ohio State University student, has been designated by the War Department to write a book on the Chantillon-sur-Seine battle, in which he participated as an aerial observer."

Chantillon-sur-Seine is approximately 100 kilometers from any front, past or present. But it is only fair to the Herald to point out that the item in question was conveyed to them from the States by the American Radio News Service, which is the Cable Radio Division Committee on Public Information.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press broke into the sucker game on February 16 with a picture of a soldier showing a tawdry decoration of the Legion of Honor, which the Press says is "worn by all members of his brigade, a star above his third service chevrons and three ribbons which are called 'additional decorations of the French government.'"

## Making Time Fly

When Pts. Louis Boettie, 3743 Broadway Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., and Gilbert Davis, of Topeka, Kas., reached Kansas City, the Post received them and allowed their wanderings two columns of illustrated space.

"... and went over with the Fighting Fifth. They wear the Croix de Guerre with palm, French Legion of Honor citation cord, two wound stripes, two service bars and two gold chevrons, denoting one year of foreign service."

"After a brief training period at Paris Island, S.C., his (Private Davis') company was sent to the front and landed in France in April."

Note that these heroes wear two service chevrons. Their company landed in France in April, 1918, and they were back in Kansas City on January 19 last.

But here's the prize bit from Private Davis' story:

"Shortly after our battalion was relieved I was called to headquarters. It was there I received the French Legion of Honor citation cord. They said it was a little reward for remaining by my gun in the face of a counter attack. The greatest thrill came on September 14, when I was called to great headquarters at Brest, France. They had learned that while we were occupying a captured village I had distinguished myself by capturing the other two. After much ceremony the Croix de Guerre was pinned on my breast. I can't commence to express my feelings as the military chiefs present shook my hand and praised me."

The Battle of Tours

In a story from its staff correspondent in New York, the Washington Star of February 22, 1919, tells of the adventures of Sgt. L. S. Dixon and Cpl. George Hays of Washington, D. C. This tale includes:

"For the greater part of the time

they spent at the front they were on the Lorraine sector and experienced terrific fighting at Tours, where they were the first engaged in trench building, cable laying and barbed wire stretching.

"They served much of the time at St. Albans, the great replacement camp in France."

As a letter writer, Cpl. Carl Dillon, of Coffeyville, Kan., R.F.D. Route 5 and a member of the 12th Engineers (Rv.), gets the hand-crocheted gas mask. Mark to some portions of a letter he sent home to his father and mother and which was printed in the old home town paper:

"Notwithstanding the joy and comfort of the hope that in the near future we will return home to civil life and occupation, I am greatly worried, worried almost to the limit of human endurance, and frequently spend sleepless nights reflecting on an extremely unpleasant experience I underwent a while back."

"It occurred on the 10th inst., the day before the signing of the armistice peace. We were in the front line trenches and had orders to take a small portion of the enemy's line. It was a clear morning and just daylight when we had orders to go forward, and we moved down around the bend in the enemy's machine guns opened fire on us, and I had rather a high place on the Boche front line selected as my goal and was determined on taking my objective. On reaching about the halfway point I discovered it was a machine gun I was facing, and could not go far to the right nor to the left, and I would not go back."

## But They Missed a Finer

"I decided to go forward as best I could, so I crawled and shot while lying down, and many a fine fellow was mowed down around me by the murderous fire of the machine gun. After I had crawled to within 25 yards of the enemy lines I gave them five quick shots, and, believe me, they were the best I had in the show. As to me, I meant life or death, and the machine gun ceased firing as a consequence of my shots, and I clambered to my feet and ran to the gun and shot it down into the pit, knowing that I had killed the gun's operator. I crouched down in the pit to avoid the machine gun fire still coming from in front of me. I turned to behold the glum eyes of the upturned face of the determined German I had shot. I was greatly disappointed, for, instead, there lay the form of a rather nice-looking French girl, and I thought perhaps she was not dead. Feeling her pulse to see if she was dead, she opened her large, dark eyes and stared straight at me for a number of seconds, and then she was going to scare me. But quietly she said, 'Oh, American,' which somehow made me feel proud, and answered her, 'Yes, I had a bunch of questions to flash at her, and then she said, 'Oh, mother! Oh, mother! and the spirit left her body and took its flight to 'glorious world.'"

When P. T. Barnum, or whoever said it, made that famous remark, he uttered the opinion of the A.E.F. as to periodicals which print such stories as those quoted above.

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## FOULS, SAFE HITS, ALL ONE TO DUTCH

Neutrals Show Keen Interest in Doughboy—Gob Game

Add another aspirant for the world's baseball championship. Holland has seen the game and likes it.

Having been a neutral and therefore until recently not blessed with the presence of Americans within her borders, it has taken the Netherlands some time to become initiated into the mysteries of such famed Yankee institutions as chewing gum, fox trots, regular cigarettes and baseball. But now they know all about the game, or at least they think they do, and that helps.

At Rotterdam they turned out in large numbers for a game between the doughboys and the gobs, which was finally scientifically won by the former by the neat little score of 19 to 17. The tank spectators worked harder than did the players. For the Hollanders had to know all the fine points, and explaining baseball's fine points in a foreign language isn't the easiest job on earth. Prior to the explanation three baggers and fouls were received with equal enthusiasm.

Either the Dutch had wrong ideas about the hardness of a baseball or they had implicit faith in the ability of the players. For they showed a fondness for standing just in back of third base or in the rear of the catcher. A couple of foul tips and a line drive or two caused them to get bravely over their trouble, however.

## A WEAK FORMATION

The corporal who had just put his last frame into the pot to exhibit the confidence he felt in his ability to fill a nine spot into the cavity of a seven-eight-ten-jack combination razzled the cards, squinted at the corners, and sighed wearily at the five of diamonds he had drawn.

"I never could do anything with these skeleton sounds," he observed, as he started to unravel his spirals.

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## FACTS ABOUT AMERICA

ENCORE INFORMATION FOR A.E.F. TOURISTS TO THE UNITED STATES

In America, even a buck private M.P. is called "officer."

If you go AWOL for a week or so back there, it makes the duration of your job shorter instead of longer.

In France, a tank is something that can cover much ground. In America it is something that can't.

If you long for the beauties of a French winter, try walking around on the bottom of the Mississippi river for a while.

Being a careless neutral in many respects, America has so far made no law providing immunity for murderers of ex-husbands.

Safety first requires that, if you talk in your sleep, you apply a muzzle before turning in.

A derby hat is the same thing as a trench helmet, except that it is a trifle less hard bodied and a trifle more uncomfortable.

Remember that the human equivalent of the code is the man who, without invitation, takes up the whole evening telling his war experiences.

In America all are free and equal. Everybody has a chance to become President except top sergeants.

Verbal instead of written travel orders are in vogue in the United States. The proper form begins, "You can go straight to..."

If you check in with your wife about 3

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## ARMY GRUB SELLS FAST

The Sales Department of the A.E.F. is doing a big business these days. With boatloads of troops returning to America the Quartermaster Corps found itself in possession of great quantities of food and clothing which could not be used or consumed. The Sales Department is disposing of this food and clothing as fast as it can be sold.

So far the sales have been made to the Allied Governments and relief societies. Recent typical sales include 500,000 suits of underwear, 175,000 pairs of gloves, 1,000,000 pairs of shoes, 3,500,000 pounds of coffee, 6,000,000 pounds of flour, 1,000,000 pounds of rice and 7,000,000 pounds of beans. Beans and bread have been the most in demand, while coffee comes third. Belgium and France are the chief purchasers.

Sales are increasing daily. What quantities of subsistence articles are sold during the following months depends entirely on how fast troops are sent home.

There is one article, however, which is not going so fast. That is hardtack.

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NEW AND VETERAN A.E.F. DIVISIONS SHARED IN ARGONNE FURY

Continued from Page 1

morning of October 7, crossing the river on foot bridges built during the previous night by a platoon of Company E, of the 103rd Engineers.

The village of Châtel-Chéhery lies along the slope of the hills with one long street traversing it at a level of about 30 meters above the river and 60 meters below the crest of the plateau, while several very short east-and-west streets drop sharply down the slope toward the river. The nature of the terrain to the westward of the attack resembled that of Missionary Ridge, or of Mary's Heights at Fredericksburg, in the American Civil War.

The advance against it was made by the troops of the 28th Division with extraordinary dash and gallantry. At 5:45 the village had been entered and at 7:10 the 2nd Battalion of the 112th Infantry had gained possession of all the short east-and-west streets.

Parties of snipers were also working up the cliff-like slopes of Hill 244, rising immediately above the southwestern edge of the village, while the 3rd Battalion of the same regiment was already in possession of the crest of this hill, but was in an awkward position because it was being fired upon from all four sides.

**Heavy Fire Sweeps Village**

In the meanwhile, heavy fire was sweeping the length of the village from the crest of Hill 223, which dominated it from the north and northwest. Hill 217 dominated it from the southwest. Although Hill 223 was in the sector given over during the previous night to the 52nd Division, the troops of the 112th Infantry and the 103rd Engineers did not make much advance, but in the meantime, the 77th Division had taken St. Juvén and part of Hill 182, north of it. During the 15th, the existing front was strengthened and extended somewhat on the left, taking over St. Juvén from the 77th Division.

**Division Front Straightened**

At 6 a.m. on the 16th, supporting an attack by the 77th Division, the 1st Battalion of the 326th Infantry, on the left, passed through St. Juvén and up Hill 182, the capture of which it completed and straightened out the division front approximately to the line of the wire of the Kriemhilde Stellung, Hill 182, commanding the valley of the Argonne, furnished a point of departure for attempts against Champeigneux, and during the day a detachment of the 326th Infantry approached within half a kilometer of that village but found itself in an untenable position and withdrew after the fall of darkness.

Efforts to push ahead during the next two or three days resulted in only inconspicuous gains, and the front virtually remained on the line that October 15, the last day of the month, when preparatory to the general attack of November 1, the weary 52nd Division was relieved by the 80th and 77th Divisions and withdrew for rest.

When, on October 1, the 77th Division developed and the next day attacked the German line lying east and west through the Bois de Naxa to the middle of the Argonne forest, the troops were so entangled in the mazes of the Argonne forest that they could hardly tell even where they were, while the effective use of artillery was impossible. The battalions operating on front line had orders to push ahead regardless of progress by the units on their flanks, but only one detachment succeeded in penetrating the enemy's positions during the day. This detachment consisted of the 1st Battalion of the 368th Infantry under Maj. Charles S. Whitteley, elements of the 367th Infantry under Captain M. Murry and elements of the 366th Machine Gun Battalion, at about 4 p.m. of the 2nd found a weak spot in the enemy's line, pushed through and advanced down a hillside into a deep ravine on the woodland road that runs from Apremont westward across the forest to Hainville.

**Americans Are Isolated**

The troops on the flanks failing to advance, during the night the enemy slipped in along the ridge which Major Whitteley's men had crossed, established machine guns and wired up the underbrush, thus connecting their own line between the Bois de Naxa and the Bagatelle trench and completely isolating the small body of Americans behind it.

In this extremely exposed position, at the bottom of the ravine about 500 meters east of the old mill at Châtel-Chéhery, with the enemy firing upon them from all sides, the Americans heroically stood off their assailants for five days, during which period the men subsisted on the two days' reserve ration which they had with them, as the supplies of food brought over and dropped by American airplanes all fell within the enemy's lines.

Fortunately, some carrier pigeons had been taken along in the advance, and by these Major Whitteley was able to send an occasional message out to the divisional command. As soon as the latter learned of his situation, every possible effort was devoted to breaking through the enemy's front and rescuing him and his men.

protected along the river bank by the 2nd Battalion of the 307th, demonstrated against the flank of Grand-Pré by advancing on the north side of the river from the vicinity of St. Juvén.

The enemy resisted violently and the advance was slow, but patrols of the 307th finally got across the river by infiltration, reached the town by 5:30 in the evening, and had it in possession an hour later. Foot bridges across the river were built after the patrols got over, the whole battalion crossed, and next day the town proper was organized for defense along its west and north edges, exclusive of the steep hill at the north end on which stand a château and park.

Under these conditions, with the extreme lack of not very complete contact with the 30th moving against the Bois des Loges, just west of Champeigneux, and the 31st undertaking to complete the capture of Grand-Pré.

**To St. Juvén-Grand-Pré Road**

The Bois des Loges was virtually a part of the Kriemhilde Stellung, being thoroughly enfiladed by cross fire from Bellojouse and Des Loges Farms, on the west, and Champeigneux, on the east, and after four days of stubborn fighting, though well supported by the 310th Infantry on its left, the 30th had not been able to get further than the south edge of the woods, and eventually, on October 29, by order of the 1st Corps, withdrew to the St. Juvén-Grand-Pré road.

The operations around Grand-Pré progressed even more slowly. Though the lower part of the town was pretty well in possession of the 31st Infantry by October 18, the château, or citadel, dominating it, was not gained, and the Farm des Loges, taken by the 312th Infantry on that day, was lost again. After a 21-hour bombardment by the division, corps and some Army artillery, an attack on the 19th on the Grand-Pré citadel, Bellojouse Farm and other points was, nevertheless, repulsed by machine guns and hand grenades. Several days elapsed before another attempt was made, and then another effort against the citadel, on the 23rd, was frustrated.

Finally, however, on the 25th the 2nd Battalion of the 311th Infantry succeeded in getting to the top of Talma hill and into the edge of the Bois de Bourgoigne, north and northwest of the citadel. Flanked out of this extremely strong bulwark of defense, the Germans at last withdrew, and Grand-Pré, as stillly contested a point as any in the Argonne-Meuse region, passed definitely to the possession of the Americans. From the woods and open ground immediately north and northeast of it, the 78th Division stood ready to bear its part in the attack of November 1.

**MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE**

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TENTH OF THIRD ARMY IS GOING TO SCHOOL

**Figures Show 22,006 Soldier Students Listed in Full-Time Classes**

Ten per cent of the men in the Third Army are going to school, according to enrollment figures given out last week. These figures showed that 22,006 men were listed on the rolls of the full-time vocational schools, the full-time academic schools and the evening schools.

The departure of the Rainbow Division for the United States is expected to decrease the number of students, although there may be little change in the figures if another division moves in. Classes in the 42nd Division started April 1.

The vocational courses have made good emphatically in the eyes of the Third Army, and in the divisional centers every day groups of soldiers may be seen studying the practical principles of many trades and callings. A score of men with farming experience go out to an orchard to learn all about fruit trees under the direction of a lieutenant who is a graduate of the University of Maine Agricultural College.

Two hundred and fifty men are learning how to repair automobiles with the big repair and overhaul shops of the Army in Coblenz as the work shops. It is estimated that they pay extremely well back in the States.

**Studying Live Stock**

Men of the 80th and 90th Divisions, whose homes had been in the grazing States from Texas to Colorado, are studying the live stock end of the agricultural course, and among them are many men whose practical experience qualifies them as experts.

At the bridgehead where the 1st, 2nd and 32nd Divisions are, forestry is making the biggest appeal to the men, because the magnificent forest of the Princes of Wied, encircling the town of Nouvion, seems to have a spell of romance heightened by its history and the dozens of legends that the people of the neighborhood tell of it. A German forester accompanies the men into the woods and explains the system by which the growth of the forest was maintained through the centuries, while at the same time the forest furnished thousands of the heavy timbers needed for building German towns.

Another unusual training ground is the great reach of vineyards along the Moselle, the white wine center of Germany, and, rivaling it, the district of the Rhine and the Ahr, which produces the best red wine in Germany.

Soldier students in Cobbling do work on real shoes in the American salvage plant at Coblenz-Lützel, where German cobblers also are employed. Students in mechanical drawing work in the chief engineer's office at Third Army headquarters. Telephone men study their trade at the telephone barracks, and bakers go to the Third Army bakery. The school for barbers is to be established in Coblenz. There is also to be an Army conservatory of music in Coblenz.

**—A.F. & A.M.—**

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DIARIES FOR 1919 United States Army Regulations, etc. Fine Collection of War Posters

**CAN YOU TEACH?**

THOUSANDS of teachers—men of the A.E.F.—are in post schools or division "educational centers," established by G.O. Nos. 9 and 30.

If you are competent to teach a subject, a trade or a profession, offer your services to your post school officer.

You don't have to be a professional teacher to be of use; but you do have to know your subject well enough to tell the other fellow about it.

**And Remember This:**

You learn through teaching. Many a man has gotten closer to his subject by explaining it to someone else than by any other way.

In teaching a class you will be doing yourself as great a service as you do others.

Maybe you're a practical farmer or a stockraiser, a carpenter or tinner, an automobile repairer, a bank clerk, an insurance specialist; maybe you know shorthand, advertising, accounting. Whatever your specialty, it's probable that other men of your outfit are wanting to make it their specialty.

**See Your Post School Officer**

Offer your services as a teacher in one of the many A.E.F. Schools.

If you join "the faculty" effort will be made to relieve you of routine military duties, to give you time for preparation. Text and reference books will be provided. Moreover, if you wish, you can take a correspondence course in the teaching of your subject.

For information on such a course, write to "The College of Correspondence," American E.F., University Reunions, France, A.P.O. 809.

Here are some subjects taught in the post schools:

**DO YOUR PART** by offering your services if you can teach a class. See your post school officer.

**The Army Educational Commission, A. E. F.**

By authority of G. O. No. 9